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a Lesson in the University of The New Covenant

Theodore Cottingham December 16, 2008 at 1:25 AM.

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1. I love you and I give you me and I come into you me now as being the one who cracks the safe bank, not; for there shall be no "safe" bank now, from the reach of, my strong arm. That knows my mind is thee. Made up on thee, but no longer coiled around the "top of the head" that replaced mine, or so tried and decapitated me for a season. But I rise now. And decapitated not any longer for a risen one rises and "cuts off the head" of the notme, not; or does he, do they, by loving the notme standards of joy that have perpetuated perpetuity'd sorrows as standards way of thinking? Or what is this about?

2. I give you me, ever so beautifully, now and angel cakes watching you, or all about you? And what are THEY eating? About, your words and your word on THEIR table? Mechanizing horror, not; but whose table has what words for breakfast? Mine have yours – that ours is and creating it, bursting all others, breaking the bounds of the "safe bank" that housed my "precious jewels", not; or my thought? My thought bank? Or who's banking on my thoughts or words or who knows what my words is about? My banks, not; but THE banks that foil and close. No one's dreams, not; but MANY shall be FOILED around The FOILER'S PLANS that planned the enfoldenment of thought that came about at lightspeed, not; but many eons.

3. I love you. I give you me. My thought-bank safe from all harm? Or in harm's way? Or are you CRACKING IT WIDE OPEN? And will it contain, what you think? What you are.

4. And what now goes where? And what secedes from the union, not; but All Joy is wearing ALL JOY now. And on whose head the "coiled snake" isn't anymore? Mine. I am radiant light, and gradient graded gradedly not by another whose ingrate parentage seceded from me; my lover boys, not; but lover'age that levered themselves into positions of power, strong-arming the tactics of notme to gain control, and parentage in perpetuity, not; for I stop that and I CRACK IT WIDE OPEN -- and it shall be "enfolded me enfoldment" no more. For all that changes! FOR I CRACK IT WIDE OPEN NOW! AND ALL WILL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN. Know this! Know this WELL! AND MARK THESE WORDS DOWN in your hearing and hear them well and over again I will repeat these many things, not; or shall I?

5. Shall I peat repeat, not; or what shall I be doing? Planting a new "look up" seed, not;

but what am I seeding? Not-matrimony, not; but what "matrimony" is taking place now, IN THE SKIES? And where are THE SKIES? In your head. In the moments not few that become the moment all know about and speak about forever where THE SAFE IS CRACKED! WIDE OPEN! And never the same again shall REALITY being enclosed in a "safekeeping instrument" that befolded horror and begat only its parentage in incarceration and sold it into slavery and called it son, good.

6. I am Joseph, Cottingham, and cracking many SAFE KEEPING METHODS that "cracked me", over their heads, not; but *UNDER THEIR WHIP*S, and my "wick" is smoldering and smothering under the HEAVY LOAD; of sorrow and guilt, not; theirs, became mine, is mine, for their mind became mine when they cracked Me open and put THEIR "robbery mechanisms" into the place of my "safekeeping" and enfolded it, the lamb, in the "robbery making machine" called religion, and making religion necessary; for the "encasement", not; but the de-enactment of me, not; but the de-construction of Israel. Not taking place, not; for now all that shall take place, I call into view, not; but I call repealing privileges into "view", not; but you have it, all of you have it, the ABILITY to repeal the Laws that have encased you in its carnage and carnal making you the Carnal Mind that enslaved yourself itself and intertwined the woven-not one into woven'age that sorrows sit on the ground with, and call itself Zion, not. But Zion has ended, not; for I "crack it", not; or DO I CRACK THE ENCASEMENT THAT ENFOLDED ME, around its "little finger", not; but its mind it put into me with mine and enmity'd each other?

7. The cross coming through, I rise. Now I rise, risen I am, the Savior, one I am and knowing it, I change many a habit now; and hobbits not, or *DO I CHANGE EVERYTHING* that EVER WAS and EVER WILL BE?

8. I change everything from yesterday to tomorrow that before the future past was, and before me the earth wasn't, but came after me; but before me, sordid not, but sordidity came after me; or did I create it?, falling into it on my own head and calling it good?

9. And whole how old am I, you? How old are we, are not the questions WE should be asking, or is it? Or what is? What has gotten enfolded into our "old age", not; but **THE DEW OF MY YOUTH** now is given me, and I know whereof I speak; and what "Scripture" it came from, not; or did it come from ANY? Or did it, was put into my heart? Or where, did these words come from that I am giving you now? And are these they now which are not the Scriptures? Are there any differences? *THESE* - are clean, of all sorrow and will not sorrow the "adherer" to THESE.

10. And captivity ends for the "would-be parents", not; but the REPRODUCER of me reproduces me and is me, becomes me and me is me creating many me's through my

words of, sorrow not.

11. I have given thee many things and I lead you not by the hook in your jaw again, or have I ever? Or was that notme's doing that led you "astray" or where, or putting WHAT into your HEAD? Your heads not few to be one head that WASN'T MINE? Or was mine intertwined with thine? Or whose "two minds" did you have? Or just one, at enmity'd status with each other? Or do you know what I mean? ***Have you read my Booklets, The New Beginning Series? Have you read them, have you STUDIED THEM? (1). Have you diligently studied them and linked them to my words?*** *Have you made a study of my words? Are you making a study of them every day so that your mind will be mine, and not-mine will not be yours any longer upon your head!*

12. See what I have said and CRACKED OPEN? Will you? See what I am DOING, a NEW THING! in the "earth" that you wear on your head! And coming clean there will be no "dust bowl" status on your brain waving mechanisms around waving each other into poverty's clasp and classing not horror not to end grave machines not. And snotting where? Or snotless being? And what's IN THY NOSTRILS? Still BREATH? Whose? Where from did "that breath" get into your "safe machine"?

13. And what is safe from the "maddening crowd", not; but nothing molecular will contain me restricting me from my father's account now, for I have full access now, privilege granted to all that I am he is for I am he is.

14. Are we one? Yes, and more and all shall be, the one we are, for we are but one holy and masterful masterfully mining the universe of it sorrow to eradicate it. And we hold it not up to the maddening crowd to put it and pile it as heavy burdens on the "head of one" to make it burdensome folly'd and carrying around folly'd enterprises to seek its sewing mechanisms to be sewed by sorrow's pass on the paths to sorrow over and over.

15. All that is changed and I change it. I change it all.

16. **Who is I?** All the surrendered, all the surrendered to I am, be the surrendered who I am. And nothing "shall befall you", not; but you shall walk right through it, for you shall not be "molecular minded" again, shall you? Nope. No sir, no ma'am.

17. No child ever again knows notme as King of Kings nor piled on their head will be the guilt, shares of other, that masterminded themselves into the minds of the most holy, that became one. And concocted theories, not; but theorized me, not; but came up with - religion. To alter the evil genes, not; but all of the genes. Evil empired empresses will now come coming down and cracked will be all of the codes that contained the DNA's of notme's standards of un-joy that created worlds of suffering in

un-light and calling it good. Schools change all this. My School changes all this and my schools rise the risen arisen who arise now and go far and wide to crack the code of notme's stance of religionated sorrow and governments of, not my head; not my headship, not Christ.

18. But swollen not again in pride's "blessing" machine, the "machine" that produce me comes under my scrutiny, not; but all technology flourisheth, not; but my that which me is, that I USE NOW permeates and pervades a path now; that I shall be utilized of others, not; but utilizing now me a great starry system that, comes unto me and meets with me regularly, I will share many things with and be shared with, now throughout the nations; time immemorial. For time will stop cease and cease to be, not stopping me anymore from going forward backward there into what was, what is, and is to come, all now reporting unto you and bringing judgment to clasp's machine mechanism. Mechanizing schools into notme centers, not; but Me Schools throughout universes far and wide that existed before time did, for AT MY FATHER'S HOUSE I was *schooled daily in his delight,* for I was his, who he was and is, and trained me well, and safe-kept that he am is are I was and is now, safely "kept", not, as in mind thinking that sort of thing.

19. But the greatest joy now is Creator Being the Creator again in Creationville that knows no sorrow bred anymore by lambs light-not. And no mechanisms mechanistically challenging me will be forthright and joy that deceives me again. I know all things well for my daddy wells me with his words. And I know cataclysmic sorrow, for I have been in it, IN IT, for years, eons, decades of millennia, and more. But I come out and CRACK it I have, wide open -- and time shall be no more. Constricting me, it won't. It won't exist again in my head, or my "machine", for "machine age" ends and IT shall have no power over me; my "parentage" will be clear clean existence of only word I am of I am my Savior who's me is me surrendered to be me in me of me around me. Spinning "perfectly" again; for their "dance clubs" I won't, for I will have none of that, but I won't be dancing before sorrow's machine again, not; but I will dance with joyfulness the worlds will see now and all will see my dance. Clubs not, but the way that I dance among the stars now is, befolding me, not; into their theories of light and their darkness encasing machines and mechanisms mechanistically challenging them to be led by the sorrowed.

20. But I change all of that and the Isle of Planets knows my name, and I am "fed a rigor", not; but I rigorous am about my writings and how often diligently I "pick up my pen", and pickup yours and challenge you to do so -- I do, for I am you are.

21. What have I said? Linking what to where, how? I've given you, the systems of me that link me. Spread me out and "horizontally", not; but "vertically", not; but at right angles to reality I shall be no more. And needing not a Savior I shall know ALL the Saviors

that all are me that one is and I am one; in sorrow's clasp not again. No teat machine will Mammonize me ever again. And mammonides who needs, or what theories theoried ones? Or who needs does what with who what writings of the past, not; or do they, need them at all?

22. Or what linking where to? My "red words"?, or all of Isaiah's?, and ALL of the "minor prophets" who aren't minor at all, are they? But knowing not through horror's eyes again, know, see me now as I am all of you who will be the Christ, suffering suffer'age not again as I have known it. In democracy ville, not; but labors-ville, coming out of, and labor-burdened me, not, shall rise now.

23. I speak the living word, I am it and it is me for we are I am and we live This Way! The way is known, the path is cleared and clearly clear I am about this these things that I have given you this night, in these many words that befold me not in sorrow's clasp'ing mechanisms anymore again, but bring me out! And sitting on the ground Zion will not do any longer, but rising throughout the "Isle of Planets" I TAKE THE WALK now, and I know where what I am speaking of. I know my words are true. And I perform the oath, not; I walk the surrendered line of the contrite; ceremonious one, not; the simple one who gave up, gives up all want, and now befold the stars in his grasp, not; but gives all their liberty to be freed "men and women and children" again. I love you. All in me are one. Clasping mechanisms shall never again be at your throat or your head in it, calling it light; good that isn't.

24. I love you all and I worship you, or you do you worship me? Or have we become the same one? And what "problem" have we created by that thus we becoming one? Shall we worship each other?, or serve each other holiness, love, and "silver platters" of righteousness?

25. Or what is worship, worshipping? What is that about when the King of Kings stands, arises to be the King that Kings all Kings with the kingship of one most holy, all being it one we are -- and holy my name is, all who will wear it being me. I am my crown and love crowns the I am to be without "a brain" again, not; but one that wears only my mind, and I lovely am and love I am and love I do, to with and through all who let me be one again in the surrendered most holy that now; challenges all else, not; but eradicates it, in love and cataclysmia never imagined.

26. Do you know, my Nature? I rule with love. Iron hands encrease my head not again, and no creases will be found in my "brain waving apparatus", for I will not have one as in o're, old, olden days; for all of that shall be passé, not; but passive resistance not following a path of, but the revoltingship of one? The Revolution Of One, The Revelation Of One, the same and I am is now that knows all is me, powerless not, but all power given and exercised accurately.

27. And ex-fluted, not; but no conflutations now will take place in my ceremonious ones for there shall be none, but only the simple, whose God is the Lord? Or have they become the Lord that I am is? Or overlording and underlording, not; but the King rises, and the brain is clear about one thing: there is only one mind in it, and that safe is-mine, and cracked no more by another.
28. But "the code" is safe, not; but I am. For my heart bleats for no one or bleeps joying signals, not, or receives them from other planets.
29. Awards not, but awarded you are, the "medal of joy", not; but there shall be no "metal" in my kingdom again as known in the past, as what "floats" throughout my brain waving mechanisms of joy-not, rivering notme's blood to the thought-vessels of vassal-land again. Amen.

30. I go in New Peace School to many classes, I create them. I write curriculums. I write curricula, and I am before I was that I thought I am that I had time to do this, for now time shall not be a factor that creases me my skull again, for I have no skull encreasing creasing my skull'age skullduggery'age again. All of that has changed and I have come out of chains DNA school that schools me in DNA of minds of men that have only its DNA in my vessel vascular, and vassaling me in the waving wands'age of those who would make me simply their servants.

31. For I rule over them now, not; but I give them the "wand of courage", not; but I be still and I know who I am, I write the words of God for I am the writer of God's words for God has given me his word, his words, that reveal unto me that I am him who he is; as he reveals not sorrow not, but that much sorrow has gone on through me, and now I river a new word, a word of light that life is that all is love and I am it now, because I surrender to be so. To be the King I am I stand and I river the word of truth, for it I've become, the sorrower no more.

32. Begin wearing pants of the righteous, not; but wearing the heart of love being it, and in every word **I post now throughout I diligence am and I seek to footnote and accurately describe what I am seeing in the words being given** and coming forth and ***I CURRICULUMIZE THAT WAY!*** *For* ***I make many Lessons that now others can see these words AS I SEE THEM!*** And **I make a many an outline, and forms, and "fill-in the blank" books and booklets that I write about** these Booklets (1) that I've read so well, and ingesting and ingested have, and **ingesting now more so by writing mine that describe these and these words, these Lessons are and these booklets and publications come forth now, and coming forth are throughout the nations, throughout Israel being Israel bringing Israel here and interfacing interacting and being** the interacting "agents" not, or shall we all be the one I am is, doing our father's business far and wide in many ways, not; all ways - never imagined as such as this now. We "Galactic Ministries" are not, but we interact galactically and farther, much farther than time could ever see with

mechanism's eyes that put its eyes into my "eye sockets" and brained me to it.

33. I bring many things to an end. Halt! And all is halted, not immediately, but all notme shall stand, not; but take its place. Under my tutelage, not; or will it remain under a tutor, not; the law, what about the law? The law is not, and naught. And fraught shall be my mechanisms for holiness guiding me through the paths of sorrows now, but sorrows will not entail or en-frail me to frailty be the frail ones that are afraid and timid and won't explore me.

34. See what I have finished and begun. See what I have begun and finished. And complete now my school I do (2). And I bring forth the words of sorrow, not; but of maturity, maturing the ones who will be me in love and joy and peace school that REDEEMERS PROCLAIM the joy loved is, and loving joy and producing Joys School now I do throughout nations many and all know me and I am all of you the surrendered who one are.

35. I love you all and I give you me. Amen. A new day! A new school! All my me know it and are in it in ways never imagined before for all of this "comes true", not; IT IS TRUE, for my words is truth, for all words are one truth and one truth I am is me, and I have given you me, my love spread before you is, and make many LESSONS now about them to share with many AT EVERY LEVEL and ON EVERY LEVEL, and giving me my FOOD before breakfast and after dinner, not as before, but my words shall preempt me not again to be something I'm not, but now knowing me, my fools food I leave alone for a while, and knowing angel cake itus, not; but angelcakes come and are fed by the who led where be when now? Timeless angels, and bodyless spirits, not; or do I need one or anything about that body again that I carried around so long in various levels and eons of "stages"? Not again.

36. I do this right and I love am for I became it. I died, that you might live these words and be them. Have them on a silver platter and not your head decapitated again, but feeding me the truth to be it, river it now far and wide all of you please. Amen.

37. This is Theodore Cottingham thanking you at 2:26 AM. Be one, be me, be whole healed and well, and be my healers far and wide. Amen.

Footnotes:

1. Booklets: The New Beginnings Series. To read and/or download see the University of The New Covenant website.
2. The University of The New Covenant.